THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE PAGE.



"What shall it be?" Robert asked.

"If you don't mind, I wish you

Before anyone could reply, Daisy Grenwood spoke:

would sing 'I Hear You Calling Me.' You sing it so delightfully."

the other listeners, the change that

swept over the singer's face was

Only for an instant did he hesitate before, swinging about on the

stool, he played the prelude. Then,

with a strength and sweetness of

voice that surprised even those

Arthur Paige felt a lump come

into his throat as he listened. He had never heard another song that

went so straight to his heart. He

glanced at Daisy. She was sitting apart, her head bent, her hands

clasped. Arthur suspected that

Cynthia stood stern and sphinx-

He forced himself to look at Bar-

like, at the near end of the draw-

bara, but only for an instant-yet long enough to note how the color

was ebbing from her face, from her

But, before he could start toward

her, she had slipped noiselessly through the portieres and was gone.

Household

Suggestions

Cut boiled ham into rounds with

Substitute borax for bluing and

Before placing clothes in water.

For leed coffee, use fresh-made

coffee, poured into glasses contain-

ing one tablespoonful cream and

cracked ice. Serve with whipped cream and powdered sugar.

To cover jam jars, cut rounds of

paper large enough to cover and to

overlap the top of the jar. Brush

the inside with well beaten white

of an egg and tie over the jar. It

will be tight and firm, and exclude

It is a good plan to add a tea-

spoonful of borax to the last water

clothes are rinsed in; this will

borax should be pounded before

putting it into the water. This will

then insure its dissolving quickly

Put a pinch of saltpeter in the

vases in which flowers are kept;

this will make them look better

and keep fresh for a much longer

time than they would otherwise do

eighth of an inch from their stalks

BOOKS

SANDMAN STORIES OF DRUSILLA'S DOLL: and SANDMAN'S RAINY DAY

STORIES. By Abbie Phillips Walker (Mrs. Fred A. Walker). New York: Harper & Bros.

The volumes are respectively the sixth and seventh of Mrs. Walker's

series of "Stories for Bedtime"

which have fascinated millions

of youngsters during the past few

years, and are told with such in-imitable charm, often so lamentably

missing in juvenile fiction, that

father or mother becomes just as

interested as the little one in fol-

ous characters represented.

lowing the adventures of the vari-

to thirty separate stories of just

the right length for reading be

Each book contains from twenty

whiten them considerably.

slice of lemon in bouillon or

the clothes will be whiter.

look them over for stains.

clear soup is a dainty touch.

the biscuit cutter, heap with potato

salad, and sprinkle with chopped

there were tears in her eyes.

very lips.
Was she going to faint?

ing room.

dill pickle.

all air.

each day.

"I hear you calling me."

familiar with it, he began:

In the echoing of her request by

Read This Story Here, Then Watch for It in Motion Pictures

Pollow the Story on This Page Day by Day, Then Watch for It in Motion Pictures.

Relietrope," from the story by Richard Washburn Child, is a Cosmopolitan production, re-leased as a Paramount-Arteraft picture.

Directed by George D. Baker.

Sercen Version Novelized.

By Jane McLean.

THILE Alice and Jimmie were

perfecting plans for their wedding, Heliotrope Harry was watching the comings and goings of his ex-wife with an eagle

The disquieting information im-parted by the landlady had served at first to make her more and more determined to remain hidden. After all, she argued that the arrival of Harry and Spike might be a coincidence; but she could not rest with this specious reasoning. Shadows filled with sinister figures began to surround her at night; lived in constant alarm, and yet she could not persuade herself

to move again.

The landlady's curiosity had been spoused; she found time to call learn more if she could.

But Mrs. Hasquek herself took the role of questioner. "You gave me a start the other day," she said monehalantly. "I thought I knew the man you were talking about, but saw him yesterday and I was

TRYING HER OUT.

Now Heliotrope Harry had not left his room, so the buxom lessee of the house knew Mrs. Hasdock was trying her out. She showed no turprise. merely nodding. "Oh, well, we're all likely to make mistakes."

"You said there was another man with him, didn't you?"
"Sure, a friend—he goes to work early; nice quiet chap he is, too."
"What time does he go usually?" asked Mrs. Hasdock.

"Gets up at 7. I guess he's a real worker, all right; there's few chough of 'em these days."
"You're looking better," ventured the landlady after a pause; "perhaps you'll be able to come down to your meals soon. I've got a lot of real

genteel people in my house." But Mrs. Hasdock was in no mood to risk an appearance; she had learned that one of the two roomers ewent to work early; it would be igh to rise at seven, hold

lightly ajar and see who lowing morning she put pressed against the door watched tremblingly the oarders go down the stairs

then she closed the door hair. Spike Foley had arelessly past her. There longer any doubt that Harry was the other Mrs. Hasdock was consumed ever of terror. She felt with ing eyes were watching move and instinctively

for her life. her ex-husband were to she had nothing with defend herself. Her was brought, but she realtes ties that she needed a With such a weapon she would be able to protect herself. Much as she hated to go out, she ensilved to visit Mr. Simon.

TRAILS HER

Her ex-husband, calmly watching her saw her go: he was down the three flights of steps with incredible speed and porner he slipped across the street ulled his hat over his eyes and

He was not surprised to see her inter Moe Simon's shop, for Spike's rat letter had warned him of the conpact between the two. But vindow gave a significance to her isit he had not dreamed of. Mrs. Hasdock greeted Mr. Simon with an offhand air as though her the shrewd pawnbroker was not dewritten in her eyes and in the nervus movements of her hand as she

wiped her forehead. You come to tell me it's all Hght?" he queried, peering at her across the counter. No. Moe; the truth is I'm in

little difficulty." You want more money?" he hook his head. "Nothing doing, "Did I say anything about money

what's the matter with you?" Mr. Simon was nonplussed; people trouble always wanted money. rouble always spelled money to

"Oh, advice-that's what you want. Shoot; I give you all of that free gratis, no interest even." He stuck is fat hands in the armholes of his vest and waited.

"Moe"-she looked nervously bout before she went on-"I want o get a small pistol."

ASKS FOR PISTOL. A pistol! You want a pistol-

"Never mind what for-self-proection, that's all. I got a valuable foret and I got to have a little barker to help me keep it. I'm



Bosses's Robes and Ille-Drugging for A-S.

"See here"-Moe was looking forward—"you ain't planning to do no shooting, are you? That's a bad business, Joe. I don't want to be dragged into nothing like that. Respect the law's always been my motto-and besides you ain't got no right to carry a gun without a

"I'll take care of the permit, Moe. You let me have the gun—you got a nice collection of 'em right here. I'll pick out one—not a phony one, either—and when I pay over your 10 per cent I'll. hand it back to

"Oh, no you won't!" Moe was very decided. "You're up to some deviltry and I can't be mixed up in

Mrs. Hasdock scowled at him. "Oh, you won't! Well, I know somewhere also I can get one. You're a fine friend, you are!"

"You ain't going about it the right way." said Moe, adopting a more conciliatory attitude. "Of course, it's nothing to me if you buy a gun so long's you tell me you got a right to buy one." Well, I have got a right-now you pick me a good one—one that'll speak straight if I ever have to use

'And you'll pay for it?" "Yes, I'll pay, but if you was any kind of a man you'd give it to me. "I'll let you have it half price," said Moe, leaning over to take a little revolver from the case.

"You see this-second hand, yes, but a beauty and a bargain; only \$10 and cheap at twenty—hardly used at all." "I got to pay, have I?" demand-

"Sure you got to pay—I got to be protected, ain't I?" From his vantage point Heliotrope Harry saw his ex-wife pick up the pistol and examine it. Then he saw her lay a bill on the glass case and slip the weapon into her

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

This Day in History.

This is the anniversary of the birth, in 1601 of Louis XIII., King of France, who owes his title to fame to his great Minister, Richelieu, whom he supported against all his enemies, for the glory of

Do You Watch Him Carve?

Carving at table is one of the most characteristic things that a man can do. It is the household art where all his masterful attributes are called into play. Fire-building furnace-shaking, and lawn-mowing bring out his homely attributes, but carving is a broader test. Here is a primitive art overlaid with a complex technic; a pioneer act in a dainty environment. For this kind of thing a man should be allowed the freedom of the wilderness Environed by the modern tablecloth, he must be not only masterful but cautious; not so much fearless as adroit.

The situation is a test not only of the man but also of his relations with his wife. When a married couple feel equally responsible for an act at which only one of them can officiate, they are tempted to exchange remarks. The most tactful wife yields sometimes to the impulse to do a little coaching from the side-lines, and many husbands have been known to respond with a few well-chosen words about the knife. This happens sometimes even when the husband is an artist at his work, for the ideals of two artists will occasionally conflict. And even the model wife who ignores the carving and engages the guests in conversation until the at is over will at times find herclutching the table-cloth holding her breath at the critical points-when the drumstick is be ing detached from the second joint instance, or when the knife hovers over the guest's portion of the steak. These two crises are the great moment for the man who carves.

In fact, you have not taken the complete measure of a man until you have seen him carve both steak and fowl. These two make totally different demands upon the worker The chicken calls for a sense of structure, a versatile skill in manoeuvring for position, and the delicate wrist of a violinist. But your true porterhouse calls for shrewd judgment and clear-out decisions, with no halfway measures or reconsiderations at all. With the chicken, you can modify, slice, combine, arrange to best advantage on the plate. With the steak, you work in the flat and in one color; every stroke must count. There are men who would rather parcel out the Balkans than map a steak.

A Modern Babel

of Nationality

The people of India speak about 150 different languages, and are divided into forty-three distinct nationalities a greater diversity than exists in any other country in the

The Region of Cloudland. Clouds are of all heights. The average is one and a half miles The highest is six. The most lowest-about seven hundred yards from the ground.

Cuticura Soap The Velvet Touch For the Skin op, Cintment, Talcom Se, every where, For samples

HELIOTROPE



protest that she may get into trouble. One of the scenes from Heliotrope, the new motion picture, soon to be seen

at all

leading

theatres.

Is Marriage a Success?

MARRIAGE BELOW PAR AT PRESENT, HE SAYS.

Marriage is not a success today. It will be much less of a success as time goes on if the general order of things go on as they are now. Probably marriage like everything else, during this period of national Undoubtedly in most cases one good and one bad partner get together accounts for much of the failure in

marriage. A very good remedy for the so-lution, of matrimonial difficulties, be to make marriage license \$200, and a divorce 50 cents. There is no punishment so great as having to live with some one that you detest. Seventy-five per cent of the eration regret their married life. Quite a few of our young women today, are not worth shooting,

the bullets would be a total loss. want to be happy, my advice would be don't ever marry. There is no use trying to hide the truth, let us face it with a calm deliberation there are no good women to be had among our young girls of today; all they want is a slave to work him self to death, while they run around with some other men. Ninety-eight per cent of the mothers of today try to bring their daughters up right, but when they get out with other no account women, then

good bye. Most women of today want house all by themselves so they can have whom they please, while their husband is gone, whereas in a room they could not bring any and everyoften when a young girl is happily married, and some of her less happy friends think that she is getting along better than themselves resort to all sorts of meanness to break her up, and if she is not a wise girl they succeed in breaking her up, she is thrown out on the world heartbroken, when it is too late. Since we are to have the nineteenth amendment, as a part of the Federal Constitution, granting women the right to vote, then alimony should cease automatically, when that amendment has become effective throughout our land, also when women murder some one they should be hung, hung until dead. VERBROSE.

REFERS DOUBTLESS TO

THREE VERSES OF GENESIS. In elaboration of my thought expressed in reference to "bad angels got a divorce from heaven," I refer those interested to Genesis, 6:2-5. The "sons of God" were created angels, who could materialize. They married "the daughters of men." filled the whole earth with violence, and were ultimately de stroyed by the flood. Yet, good marriages were a blessing; for Noah, his wife, his three sons and their wives, who did not abuse the marriage vow, were saved and repopulated the earth. I repeat that marriage makes the home. Fires destroy homes by the thousands each year, yet a Chicago, Baltimore or San Francisco may be almost destroyed by fire, yet they Sphynxlike have arisen from the flames. Divorce, sin, vice or degradation may strive its hardest to destroy the sanctity of marriage, but she will sail majestically onward, and finally land us on an Ararat of happiness, peace, justice and right. REV. J. LUTHER MARTIN.

ADVISES AGAINST

HASTY MARRIAGE. Marriage is a success-that is, far more of a success than a failure Of course, there are some who get anything but happiness out of mar-Persons marrying for money, name, or social position are sure to have bitter regrets. At least, as far as love is concerned. What is marriage without love? Nothing more than a low, vile act. Another reason for unhappiness in marriage for many is hasty marri age. There is much truth in the saying, "Married in haste, repent at

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Write frankly, briefly, and truthfully your views on the problem, "Is Marriage a Success?" If you think it not altogether a success, do not fail to suggest what you think is the remedy, WHAT is the trouble, and what could be done. Write in your opinions, experiences, and suggestions. Write frankly and fearlessly-your confidence will be respected. No names of writers published except with the writer's consent. Use only one side of the paper.

Address your contributions to MARRIAGE EDITOR, The Washington Times, Washington, Q. C.

that there is not such a thing as "love at first sight." Personally, I myself believe in "love at first sight." I think if you do not like a person upon first acquaintance,

you probably never will. I think a young man and girl should know each other at least a year before they marry. Some may say, "Oh, why wait all that time?" We love each other-and the only thing for us to do is to be married right away. Love sometimes goes as quickly as it comes. So that there be no regrets, it is safer to wait a while. Another thing, saying you love a person and loving

leisure." But this I do not mean | him are two different things. If find you cannot wait a year (and surely during this length of time you should know if you love him or her), why, perhaps, afterward you will wish you had waited and made those sweet courting days

a little longer.

I do not believe in too early marriages. A girl is a fool to marry before twenty or twenty-one, unless for a good reason. A man is a fool to marry before twenty-one, anyway. In fact, he is not considered a man until then. Young people should "sow their wild oats" before settling down. It is better to be wild and have a good time before marri-

The Restless Sex

A Romantic Film Drama With

MARION DAVIES By Robert W. Chambers.

(Continued From Saturday.)

"Oswald has made several sketches of the grounds, and is making others for the pool and fountain. He is anything but melancholy; he strolls about quite happily with the eternal cigarette in his mouth and an enormous rosescented white peony in his buttonhole; and in the evening he and I light a fire in the library-for the evenings are a trifle chilly stillwe read or chat or discuss men and affairs most companionably. The occult charm in this man, of which you are so conscious, I myself can perceive. There seems to be, deep within him, an inexplicable quality which appealssomething latent, indefinable something that you suspect to be wistful, yet which is too sensitive too self-distrustful to respond to

"Steve, I have asked him to spend July with us. He seemed quite surprised and a little disconcerted by the invitation—just as seemed to be when I asked him to do the pool and fountain. "He said he would like to some if he could arrange it-whatever that may mean. So it was left

that way.

the very sympathy it seems to

"Do you approve? "It will be wonderful to see you here, moving in the garden, standing out yonder on the lawn!-Steve, herself, in her own actual and matchless person!-Steve in the flesh, here under the green old trees of Runner's Rest * * Sometimes when I am thinking of you-and I seem to see you as you were when last here—a girl in ribbons and white, dancing over the lawn with her chestnut hair flying; or down by the river at the foot of the lawn, wading bare-legged, fussing and poking about among the stones; or lying full-length on the grass under the trees, reading "Quentin Durward"—do you remember? And I used to take you rout-fishing to that mysterious Dunbar Brook up in the forest, where the rush of ice-cold waters round bowlders always awed you

and the spray clouding the huge

round bowlders always awed you and made you the slightest bit uneasy. "And do you remember the brown

pools behind those bowlders, where you cautiously dropped you line; and the sudden scurry of a black shadow in the pool-the swift tug. the jerk and spatter as you flung a speckled trout skyward in mingled joy and consternation? "Runner's Rest has not changed.

House and barns need paint; the garden requires your soft white hands to caress it into charming discipline; the house needs you; the lawns are empty without you; the noise of the river rippling on the shoals sounds lonely. The whole place needs you, Steve, to make it logical. And so do I. Because all this has no meaning unless the soul of it shows through. "When I am perplexed, restless, impatient, unhappy, I try to re-

member that you have given me a bit of your heart; that you realize you have mine entire-every atom of my love, my devotion . . There must be some way for us . . . I don't know what way, because you have thought it necessary to leave me blind. But I shall never give you up-unless you find that you more for another man-"And now to answer what you

have said concerning you and me. suppose I ought to touch what is, theoretically, another man's. you do not belong to him. And you have begun to fall a little in love with me haven't you? And in this incomprehensible pact it agreed that you retain your liberty until you came to final decision "I don't understand it: I can's feel

that, under the strange circum-

stances, I am unfair to you or to this strange and unexplained enigma named Oswald Grismer. "As for my attitude toward him, will not allow myself to brood or cherish unworthy malice. I am instead of being wrecked by ditrying to accept. him, with all his vorce, is now a path of roses, and evident and unusual qualities, as we are all happy. a man I've got to fight and a man

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.) (Copyright, 1917, 1918, by the International Magazine Company)

self judge him honestly.

I can't help liking when I let my-

age than to have it afterward in the wrong way.

I believe the most essential thing between two young persons con-templating a happy and successful marriage is for them to have things in common. Two of a kind make an ideal match, and as they agree on most things will have little to argue about. I am sure many will agree with me.

Another thing, we should love a person for himself or herself, and not for what we want him or her to be. Do not try to change them in small matters. Their little characteristics are sometimes the most interesting and attractive things about them. Leave them alone as God made them and wished them to be. HELEN OF TROY.

SELF-RESPECT DEMANDS THAT HE APPROVE IT.

I think that marriage is successive

A certain measure of self-respect demands that I think well of the system by which I came into existence. To that extent I may be prejudiced. The marriage route is so much shorter and is attended by so many more pleasurable thrills than the ancient system of evolution. Of course, R. Kipling says it begins by a man courting "a rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair, which the fool called his lady fair," but even that seems so much nicer than the ancient clod or lump of clay as Mesers. Darwin et al. suggest. Then also think of interminable line of ancestry, and ages of time involved in the infinite transmigrations of the soul from the time of its conception in the womb of the clod till it finally arrived a babe in human form at the threshold of mankind. Also the perils of the route from arrested development, diversion by hybridization, etc.

Should be escape these last, he would be so much longer on the way than it was possible for him to remain after he got here that he could well inquire in the words of another, "If so soon I'm to be done for, what one earth was I begun for?" Oh, the advantages of marriage are

so much greater in every conceivable way. In it we have more directness. There is usually but one mother en The time required usually route. something less than a year; no transmigrations, etc. And not least of all by any means, is the mother's joy of making the "doll clothes" for the expected babe.

STARTED ALL OVER AGAIN AND IS HAPPY.

Two letters printed in The Times last evening attracted my attention, and I wish to place my own case with the two mentioned, namely, C. J. M. and M. R. M. I was married in 1916 and have

a boy three years old. In 1918 my husband, through bad associations, was arrested and sent to Lorton for a year and a day. It seemed to me that every one was sneering at me on account of my husband, so I decided to leave him and take my On my husband's release I in

formed him of this fact and placed

my boy in a home, staying with him when I could, My husband tried three or four places before he finally got the position he wanted, and then he asked me to come back to him, but I would not on account of the past. After furnishing an apartment and living alone until he could stand it no longer he informed me

for a divorce on the ground of desertion. Being afraid I would lose my baby, I went back to him and we started over again. Since then I have changed to a better position and my husband has also made good. We have a maid to take care of baby, and our lives,

I hated to think, once, of 'osing', my "independence," but, oh! how thankful I am that I am no more independent, but am only a poor downtrodden married woman

When Hearts Are Trumps

Dramatic Film Story of Adven-

ture, Self-Sacrifice and Love

A Serial Story

FULL OF ROMANCE By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER LXIX.

AISY had still a little more man-Daging to do before her scheme would be perfected. She stifled any qualms of conscience with the stern reminder to her naturally frank self that it was all her dear Bab's When the music ceased she re-

leased Robert, suggesting that he talk for a while to one of the other girls, and sought out Mary Jameson. Mary smiled at her as she ap-"Robert Elliot has asked me to give

him a dance after supper," she re-marked. "I am quite pleased when I consider how many other girls there are here. Of course it was natural that he should dance first with Barbara—his hostess—and then with you as her best friend."

"Oh, I asked him to dance with "Delay told her calmiy." "Asked him!" Mary gasped. "Oh

Daisy! How could you?"
"Because I was determined to see something of him, and he is so popular that I knew when other people got at him I would not have a chance. I was really rather sur-prised that he consented to give me that fox-trot."

"That's nothing." Mary remarked in affected indifference. "He is al-ways awfully good-natured." "I know it," Daisy agreed, "and yet there is something I wish he

would do-soon, while we are wait-ing for supper. Yet I don't like to ask him." "What is it?" Mary inquired. "I want awfully to hear him sing again. Do you suppose he would?"
"I am sure he would." Mary re-

plied, "if someone he really liked "Then you ask him-won't you?" Daisy urged.

Mary dimpled at the implied comliment. She looked across at Rob-

ert, who was talking with Matilda Chambers. "Oh, Bob!" she called, "will you

do me a favor?" "If I can," he responded. "Sing something for us-please," Others took up the request. "Ah es, Bob-please do!" they pleaded. "But I am not in very good voice," Bob began. Then, as the demands

increased in volume, he laughed. "If you really mean it-and if you will pardon any faults," he said, "I'll try. But really it's an imposition upon you people for me to break in upon a dance with my

"I myself think it is rather hard on you," Miss Cynthia cut in. "And frankly, I would sugest that you

She got no further, for her brother interrupted. "And I suggest that he does us the kindness to sing now!" he exclaimed. "Will you, my lad?" laying his hand on Robert's arm.

"Certainly, if you wish it," Robert answered. Without further protest he went the piano, the musicians moving

aside at his approach. "Oh, do you sing without your notes and play your own accom-paniments?" Cynthia asked, as if to defer the ordeal as long as she

"Yes, Miss Paige, I do-if my friends can stand it," Robert replied briskly, a gleam in his eyes that made her face flush and turn

Arthur looked about for Barbara. She was standing in the doorway, her slender figure outlined against the dark portiere. In her white dress, with her

shapely head held very straight on her perfect neck, she made a wonderful picture. Arthur saw Robert glance at her as he played the opening bars of Kipling's "Gipsy Trail," then drop his eyes to the keys again. She did not move when he began to sing, nor through the entire

song. The corsage bouquet of deep red roses she wore rose and fell with her swift breathing. Beyond that, she seemed perfectly com-Perhaps the eyes were wider and darker than usual; perhaps the lips twitched a little now and then, but

BARBARA JOINS IN. When the song was ended she joined in the clapping of hands that

only the keen gaze of love would

have detected these signs.

followed. "No - don't stop yet!" Arthur urged as Robert started to leave the piano. "One more song, please!"

Domino

Golden Syrup

As Popular as

Domino Pack-

age Sugars

American Sugar

Refining Company

with Domino"

"Sweeten its my

Eats Candy but Loses Her Here's joyful news for every fleshy person who loves good things to eat, espe-

those who are denying themselves the sire to keep down their weight or to re-duce the fat with which they are already burdened.

There is no further necessity to diet in order to keep your weight down or reduce the fat you have already acquired.

three or four pounds a vice!; just take one of these little tablets after each meal and at bedtime until you have reduced your weight to where you want it. No wrinkles or flabbiness will remain. Use Marmola Prescription Tablets according to directions a few weeks and got results without going through long sieres of tiresome enercise and starvation diet. Get them at any drug store or send the price to the Marmola Co. 93 Caracia Dulleing, Detroit, them by me'l, prepaid,

The famous Marmola Prescription has been put up in tablet form, and is now sold by all druggists at one dollar for a good aize box. To getrid off at the rate of two,

in plain, scaled cover.

tween "going-to-bed-time" and the departure of "The Sleepytown Express" and a happy passage with pleasant dreams will become a surety. Surely, no more suitable book-gift for birthday or Christmas could be selected than from this charming

